THE ULTIMATES 2

EWING
FOREMAN
BROWN

MARVEL

#9

The ultimate team has come together to solve the ultimate problems.
Blue Marvel. Spectrum. Black Panther. Captain Marvel. America Chavez.
They are...

THE ULTIMATES²

I AM THE *NEVER QUEEN.* I AM WHAT *MIGHT BE,* FOREVER OUTSIDE WHAT *IS.* FROM HERE, I SEE *ALL.*

AND AT THIS POINT... ALL IS A *LOT.*

FIRST THERE WERE THE *ULTIMATES*--FORMED BY CAROL DANVERS TO SOLVE COSMIC PROBLEMS BEFORE THEY *BECAME* PROBLEMS.

THEY SOLVED THE PROBLEM OF *GALACTUS,* THE WORLD-EATER, BY EVOLVING HIM INTO HIS *TRUE ROLE* AS *LIFEBRINGER.*

BUT ON A LATER MISSION, GALACTUS--AND THE ULTIMATES--DISCOVERED THAT *ETERNITY,* HE WHO IS THE *MULTIVERSE,* WAS IN *CHAINS.*

RECENTLY, THEY DISCOVERED THE *NAME* OF ETERNITY'S *COSMIC JAILER*--THE *FIRST FIRMAMENT,* FIRST ITERATION OF *ALL REALITY,* A UNIVERSE UNTO HIMSELF.

THE FIRST FIRMAMENT, IT IS SAID, CREATED THE *CELESTIALS*--WHO REBELLED *AGAINST* HIM, DESTROYING PART OF HIM TO CREATE THE FIRST *MULTIVERSE*... WHICH EVOLVED INTO *ETERNITY* AS WE KNOW HIM TODAY.

THE FIRST FIRMAMENT HAS NEVER *FORGIVEN* ETERNITY, *OR* THE CELESTIALS--AND NEITHER HAVE HIS LOYAL SERVANTS, THE DARK CELESTIALS KNOWN AS *ASPIRANTS.*

THESE ASPIRANTS *INFECTED* ETERNITY, CORRUPTING ONE OF HIS CENTRAL PROCESSES--*ORDER* AND *CHAOS*--TO CREATE *LOGOS,* THE LAW UNTO ITSELF.

LOGOS *EXECUTED* THE CELESTIALS, AND ATTEMPTED TO DESTROY *GALACTUS*--BUT THE LIFEBRINGER *SURVIVED,* AND FORMED A RAGTAG POSSE OF FELLOW *COSMIC-LEVEL ENTITIES*...THE *ETERNITY WATCH.*

THUS, THE ETERNITY WAR HAS *BEGUN.* BUT GALACTUS' ALLIES, THE *ULTIMATES,* ARE BUSY WITH THE *SECRET EMPIRE OF HYDRA,* WHICH HAS SEALED OFF THE EARTH...

...AND ON *COUNTER-EARTH,* THE ALTERNATE REED RICHARDS KNOWN AS THE *MAKER* HAS ENTERED THE WAR AS A *THIRD FACTION*--WORKING WITH THE MYSTERIOUS *HIGH EVOLUTIONARY*...

...TO EVOLVE THE *ENTIRE COSMOS!*

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COUNTER-EARTH. ON THE FAR SIDE OF THE SUN.

"SO HOW *DID* YOU GET HERE, MAKER?"

I HEARD HYDRA PUT AN *IMPREGNABLE SHIELD* AROUND THE EARTH-- *PORTAL-PROOF*, EVEN.

They *did*. *This* me is imported from an *adjacent reality*--same *mind*, different *body*.

If nothing else, it lets me have fun *there* while I work *here*...

REED RICHARDS (ALTERNATE). ALIAS: "THE MAKER."

HERBERT WYNDHAM. ALIAS: "THE HIGH EVOLUTIONARY."

YOU SHOULDN'T LET THAT FAILED PLANET *DISTRACT* YOU--

I'm a *multitasker*. Having more than one project going helps me *think*.

Don't be jelly, Herb.

Would you feel better if having fun was *vital research*? Because it *is*.

On *my* Earth-- my *original* Earth...science *tried* to be *sensible*.

Universal laws were...*deeply* uptight. *Ashamed*, even. They didn't know *where* to look.

But *this* reality... this reality can *dance*. It's the *crossroads of infinity*--the junction to *everywhere*.

The *door* to a place where *concepts* live and make *war*...

...the realm of ***abstract entities***. Like ***these*** guys.

I call them ***Death Celestials***.

WHAT...

WHAT ARE WE LOOKING AT?

The ***Superflow***. A kind of ***informational space*** between universes.

Some say it's where ***dreams*** come from.

It's all about ***information***, you see. From the smallest ***quark*** to the tallest ***space god***.

It's all ***information***...

THAT... ***THING*** WITH THEM...

IS IT ***ORDERING*** THEM? OR ***TAKING*** ORDERS?

That's a very good ***question***, Herb.

I wonder if it ***knows***...

Prime the ***quantum resonators***. Stand by for ***data retrieval***.

This is what I've been looking for.

This is how we build the ***perfect world***.

PERFECTION COMES WITH *UNITY*, MY BROTHERS.

ALL MUST UNITE IN SERVICE OF THE *TRUE LAW.*

MY LAW.

LOGOS.
THE NEW FACE OF COSMIC JUSTICE.

FIRST LAW.

YES, OF COURSE. MY LAW AND THE LAW OF THE *FIRST FIRMAMENT* ARE *ONE.*

THAT IS HOW IT *SHOULD* BE, MY BROTHERS.

ISN'T IT?

THE *COSMIC CUBE* ACTIVITY ON THE PRIME EARTH BUILDS TO A *CRESCENDO.*

NOW IS THE TIME TO *STRIKE.* AS *ABOVE,* SO *BELOW*--LET THE *STRONG* RULE OVER ALL.

FOR I AM *LOGOS*--THE LAW UNTO *MYSELF.*

I AM THE FUTURE...

LOGOS.

SEE.

...EH?

WRONG.

I AM THE FUTURE, LOGOS...

EGO-PRIME.
LIVING PLANET.

PSI-HAWK.
PSYCHIC WARRIOR-GOD.

THE INFINAUT.
MACRO-SPATIAL EXPLORER.

...AND I BROUGHT FRIENDS.

GALACTUS.
THE LIFEBRINGER.

THE ETERNITY WATCH.

ETERNITY WATCH-- ASSEMBLE!

WE FIGHT FOR TOMORROW!

YES! WE-- WE FIGHT FOR-- HNNGH--

HOLD ON.

JUST A...LITTLE TIGHT...

EGO--THE SUPERFLOW IS A CONCEPTUAL SPACE.

AT OUR LEVEL, COMBAT IS METAPHOR.

THE DOOR ISN'T REAL...

OOF!

SORRY.

THIS IS ALL VERY NEW TO ME.

...FOR SMASHING YOU INTO GOOEY PASTE.

IS THAT ROUGHLY HOW IT WORKS?

METAPHOR. ALL RIGHT.

GREETINGS, DARK ONE.

THIS IS A METAPHOR...

WHAT... WHAT ARE WE SEEING...?

WE'RE WATCHING EXISTENTIAL CONCEPTS PUNCH EACH OTHER...

We're seeing an opportunity. While they're busy with...well, whatever this is...

...we can take what we need.

MAKER-- BE CAREFUL. I'VE HAD DEALINGS WITH THE CREATURES AT THIS LEVEL OF REALITY.

IF THEY NOTICE WHAT WE'RE DOING...

"...IT COULD BE THE END OF *EVERYTHING.*"

...

NEW PRESENCES DETECTED.

WE ARE OBSERVED.

WE ARE... RECORDED.

GOOD.

GOOD.

THEY'RE *HAPPY* ABOUT SOMETHING.

I DON'T LIKE IT.

OBSERVATION-- WE ARE BEING MONITORED.

TWO MINDS WATCHING...ONE STRETCHED, READY TO *SNAP*...ONE *SEALED*, LIKE ARMOR...

A NAME... *WYNDHAM*...

I KNOW HIM.

THE *HIGH EVOLUTIONARY*-- A MORTAL WITH DELUSIONS OF *GRANDEUR.*

WHAT DOES *HE* WANT...?

HYPOTHESIS: IN CONCEPTUAL SPACE, WE EXIST AS LIVING INFORMATION.

INFORMATION CAN BE RECORDED...

...AND DUPLICATED.

NO.

WYNDHAM... *YOU FOOL.*

"YOU FOOL!"

GALACTUS IS...ANGRY...

What does *he* know? Owen Reece sent *me* to fight this war.

An *Eternity War*. Our cosmos against a stronger, *united* cosmos--where every star is bound to *one purpose*.

The Death Celestials are the *tools* of that united cosmos. They have pieces of it *in* them--like *DNA*. Pieces of raw *information*.

Didn't I *say* information was the key?

So what if we *steal* that information--the recipe for *perfection*--and apply it to *our* reality?

TO... STRENGTHEN *ETERNITY?*

Now you're getting it.

It could only be done *here*, of course, in the *Prime Universe*--last of the old, first of the new.

The hub it *all* revolves around.

Here, science can be *magic*. Here, we can rewrite *every* story.

There are *perfect worlds* to be made, Wyndham--

--and *I am the Maker!*

MASTER...?

...

LET HIM *WORK...*

WHAT'S HAPPENING? I DON'T LIKE IT!

I DON'T LIKE IT!

THE DARK ONES ARE *OPENING* THEMSELVES. ALLOWING THEIR ESSENCE TO BE *ACCESSED*...AND *TRANSMITTED.*

WHATEVER WYNDHAM AND HIS COHORT ARE *DOING*... THE ENEMY *WELCOMES* IT.

GHOST!

YOU ARE *NEEDED!*

I...*SAW* THEM...

...ON THE *FAR SHORE*...

THE SHAPER'S GHOST. LAST REMNANT OF A REALITY-SHAPING FORCE.

I KNOW. YOU HAVE BEEN THROUGH *MUCH*, LOST ONE. AND NOW I ASK *MORE* OF YOU.

THEY WAITED FOR THE CALL.

ONCE YOU WERE *SHAPER OF WORLDS*-- AND YOU STILL HAVE THE *GHOST* OF THAT GREAT POWER.

USE IT NOW. *RETURN* TO THE LOWER PLANES.

FIND MY *ALLIES* IN THE MORTAL WORLD. MY *HERALDS.*

FIND THE ULTIMATES...

"...AND TAKE THEM WHERE THEY NEED TO BE."

POUR IT ON!

EARTH ORBIT.
THE ONGOING CHITAURI INVASION.

COL. CAROL DANVERS.
CODENAME: "CAPTAIN MARVEL."

KEEP THEM AWAY FROM THE *STATION*--

MONICA RAMBEAU.
CODENAME: "SPECTRUM."

AMERICA-- THERE'S A *CHITAURI DRAGON* HEADING FOR *QUILL*--

DR. ADAM BRASHEAR.
CODENAME: "BLUE MARVEL."

ON IT.

AMERICA CHAVEZ.
PARAMEDIC FOR THE MULTIVERSE.

TAKING A PORTAL INTO A DIMENSION OF PURE, ENDLESS CONCUSSIVE FORCE--

--AND OUT THE OTHER SIDE.

...AND THAT'S THE *LAST* OF THEM. ANOTHER CHITAURI WAVE *GONE*--INTO THE SHIELD.

LONG-RANGE SCANS SAY WE'VE GOT MAYBE AN *HOUR* BEFORE THE *NEXT* ONE...

AND THE DAMNED SHIELD *STILL* ISN'T SCRATCHED. *HOW* MANY WAVES IS THAT NOW?

I'M STARTING TO WONDER IF WE'RE GOING TO RUN OUT OF *CHITAURI DRONES*...

THERE MIGHT BE A *DIPLOMATIC* ANGLE IN THAT. WHO KNOWS WHAT *INTERSTELLAR ECOLOGIES* A MASS DIE-OFF LIKE THIS IS AFFECTING?

IS THERE A *GALACTIC GREENPEACE?*

SURE. DON'T THINK THEY'D BE MUCH HELP, THOUGH.

...WAS THAT A *JOKE?*

TRYING TO BE.

AFTER SO *LONG* OUT HERE, MY *SENSE OF HUMOR* IS...

ULTIMATES!

...GETTING *STRANGE*...

THE *SHAPER*...?

THE *LIFEBRINGER* REQUIRES *ASSISTANCE!*

WAIT-- *WE* NEED ASSISTANCE FROM *HIM!*

WE'RE UNDER *ATTACK*--

A *SKIRMISH* ONLY! A *GREATER* WAR AWAITS YOU!

YOU ARE *REQUIRED*--

--AND YOU MUST *FOLLOW!*

They're *GONE*...?

Did a *FLOATING HEAD* just *KIDNAP* our heavy hitters?

WHAT DID HE MEAN-- A *GREATER* WAR...?

DON'T ASK *ME*, GAMORA. WE'RE CAUGHT BETWEEN *HYDRA EARTH* AND A GAZILLION *SPACE BUGS*--

--WHAT'S BIGGER THAN *THAT?*

SOMETHING IS HAPPENING.

WAKANDA.
THE NECROPOLIS.

NOT THE *OBVIOUS*—THIS "*SECRET EMPIRE*" TURNING THE WORLD *UPSIDE DOWN*. SOMETHING *DEEPER*.

SOMETHING HIDDEN.

T'CHALLA OF WAKANDA.
CEREMONIAL TITLE:
"BLACK PANTHER."

DO NOT ASK *HOW* I KNOW. FOR THERE IS KNOWLEDGE HEARD BY NO *EAR* AND SEEN BY NO *EYE*.

TRUTHS SEALED IN THE ROCK UNDER OUR *FEET*...

THAT *COME* TO REST IN THE *BONE*.

IF YOU WOULD KNOW MY TRUTH.. FOLLOW MY *FOOTSTEPS*.

TREAD WHERE *PANTHERS* TREAD.

THROUGH THE DARK OF NIGHT...

TO THAT WHICH LIES *BEYOND* IT.

THE NECROPOLIS IS A PLACE OF *DEATH AND REBIRTH*. A *SACRED* PLACE, WHERE KINGS MAY CONNECT WITH *GODS*.

MY RELATIONSHIP WITH THE *GODS* OF *WAKANDA*-- THE *ORISHA*-- HAS PROVEN... *UNRELIABLE*.

BUT THERE ARE *OTHER GODS* I MAY PETITION WITHOUT BETRAYING MY *OWN*. GODS OF THE *EARLIEST DAYS*.

WHEN MEN FEARED THE *DARK*...AND WHAT *HUNTED* IN THE DARK...

...WHEN THEY FEARED *TIGERS*.

YOU. I *KNOW* YOU, DON'T I?

BAST'S FOLLOWER...

MY OWN WORSHIPERS *DESERTED* ME. MY *WHITE TIGERS*. THEY *ALWAYS* DO, IN THE END...

HAVE YOU COME TO *REPLACE* THEM, MAN-OF-BAST?

WILL YOU BEND YOUR KNEE TO THE *TIGER GOD*?

NO.

I *KNOW* SOMETHING OF WHITE TIGERS. I KNOW WHY THEY MUST *ALWAYS* LEAVE YOU, IN THE END.

IT'S YOUR *NATURE*, OLD GOD.

YOU ARE *FEAR*--THE *OLDEST* FEAR, LURKING IN THE OLDEST *DARKNESS*.

AND SO, YOU DO NOT GRANT YOUR *FULL* POWER TO THOSE WHO *SUBMIT* TO YOU...

...BUT TO THOSE WHO *CONQUER* YOU.

UTTERLY.

SHALL WE BEGIN?

YES...

YES.

It's *begun.*

My *perfect reality...*

I...NOTHING'S *CHANGING...*

Subtle, isn't it?

They're probably too busy on Hydra-Earth to *notice*-- but *here*, we can take the long view.

Behold the *Eighth Cosmos.*

Thousands of reborn and newborn *universes*-- all kept separate by the *Superflow.*

Kept *apart.* Kept *weak.*

Now...imagine they were *all* Counter-Earths. Orbiting Counter-*Suns*, in Counter-*Galaxies*...but all part of the same *universe.*

Imagine the walls tumbling down...

THE *SUPERFLOW... CRUMBLING...*

HURRY, SHAPER...

Many Earths, one universe.

Many *viewpoints*... but one singular *vision.*

Just like me.

SOMEWHERE...
ETERNITY GROWS STRONGER.

TESTING HIS CHAINS.

ETERNITY, NO! IT'S A TRAP!

IF THE SUPERFLOW IS DESTROYED--

--WE'LL DIE WITH IT.

AND WHAT WILL THE FORCE THAT HELD HIM SAY?

WHEN ETERNITY BREAKS FREE?

WHEN HE ESCAPES FROM ONE CAGE...

...AND INTO ANOTHER?

ONE UNIVERSE.

JUST LIKE ME.

GOOD.

VERY GOOD.

AND THE FIRST FIRMAMENT SMILES...

...AND BEGINS TO DIGEST.

WHAT HAVE WE DONE?

Simple. No more ***Superflow***-- the Multiverse is now a universe.

A singular ***universe***. With a singular ***destiny***...

IT'S ***WRONG***, MAKER. THIS...

THIS DOESN'T FEEL LIKE EVOLUTION.

IS IT TOO ***LATE***? CAN WE ***REVERSE*** IT?

Getting cold ***feet*** in those metal boots?

I wouldn't ***advise*** it, Herb.

I'm a ***multitasker***.

So while I was rewriting the ***universe***--I made a couple of edits at the ***local level***.

Moved some things around. Brought back a few old ***memories***.

Some people I knew could hand you your ***head*** if you got out of line-- or ***Galactus'*** head, for that matter.

And don't worry-- they're ***very*** loyal.

Why don't you tell the man what you ***think***, team?

Is our new shared universe ***cool*** or ***uncool***?

Cool, Doctor Richards.

Definitely cool.

MARVEL COMICS PRESENTS THE ALL-OLD ULTIMATES IN...

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NEXT ETERNITY WAR

OVERSIZED 100TH ISSUE FEATURING THE CLASSIC ULTIMATES!

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ZONE